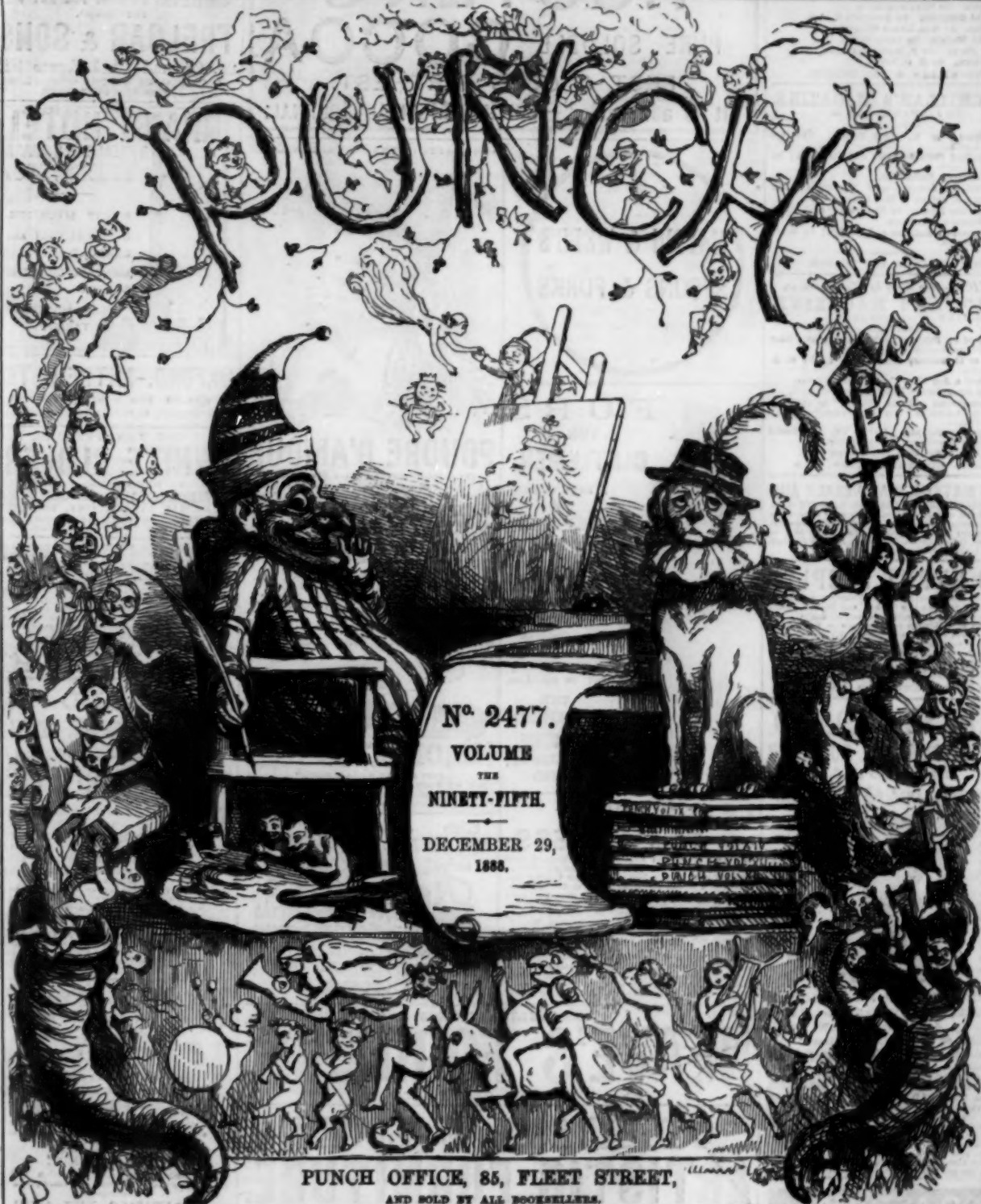


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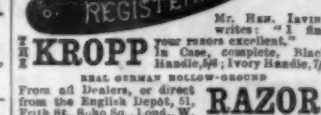
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## A HINT FOR THE STICKY SEASON.

FILL YOUR POCKETS WITH SAND, AND SCATTER AS YOU WALK. THEN, WHILE OTHER PEOPLE ARE PAINFULLY TOTTERING ALONG THE GLUEY PAVEMENT, YOU MAY MARCH WITH CONFIDENT STEP.

## CHOOSING A LADY GUIDE.

(AN ENTIRELY IMAGINARY FORECAST.)

SCENE—The Offices of the New "Lady Guide Association." Intelligent Gentlewomen, "Ladies by birth and education, of almost any age, and of different dispositions and capacities," according to prospectus, discovered seated in background awaiting an engagement. In foreground, Clients are consulting Manageress.

Manageress (to Couple from the Country). Exactly; this is your first visit to London, and you want to see everything during the week you are here. There is a lady there, the third from the end, with the short hair and the pince-nez. She is in charge of the Intellectual Sight-seeing Department, and you will find her a highly-intelligent companion, thoroughly acquainted with all the objects of interest in Sir Hans Soane's, the British, and the Geological Museums, Madame Tussaud's, and the Tower, where she will render a warder quite unnecessary. In the New Law Courts, for a small additional fee, she will explain the origin and growth of Common Law and Equity; she can translate the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey (if desired), and tell you the exact height of every public building in London.

The Husband. Hey she a eye for a beast? SUSY an' I be coom up fur Cattle Show maslin'.

Manageress. She has been through a course of lectures on Comparative Anatomy. Shall I call her?

The Wife. No offence to you, Ma'am, but I think I'd rather know what that young woman in the fur-trimmings can do, before I make up my mind, like.

Manageress. Ah, that lady? She is extremely well connected—a Baron's daughter—she undertakes the Social Sight-seeing, but she would be rather too expensive for you, perhaps?

The Husband. Oh, dang th' expense! let's hev' a good 'un while we're 'bout it. Kindly ask her to step out. (The Hon. Miss FREDERICA GEORGINA CHURCHMOUSE steps forward.) Now, Miss, me and my Missus here 'ud like to hear what you have to say for yourself.

Miss Churchmouse (languidly). I think I could show you something of Town while you are with us. Dear Lady PETTICOORES kindly allows me to bring my friends in to tea on any of her afternoons, and I could get you cards for the Countess of HERRINGBARREL's crush, and Lady DARVISH's small dance, if you cared to go, that is. I would walk in the Row with you after Church on Sunday morning—but that would be an extra—and tell you who everybody was. If you thought of giving a little party while you are in Town, I could get some really smart people to come to you, and advise you how to do the thing, with or without supper and flowers—a brother of mine supplies a very fair champagne at a moderate price, and you would order the flowers from our hothouses at Brokeby, of course. I—ah—don't know if there's anything else you thought of doing?

The Wife. We did think of going to the Theatre.

Miss Churchmouse. Nothing worth seeing just now but the French plays—we have the back seats in an upper box for to-morrow, and I daresay I could get mother to take you in our party.

The Husband. And 'bout how much would it tot up to if we did the whole thing?

Miss C. Well, as nearly, as I can tell you, about— (Mentions a sum at which their eyes roll.)

The Husband (after whispered consultation). Ah, thanks. I'll look in agéan when I'm this way maybe.

[Country Couple retire. Enter an American party.]

American Spokesman. Good-day, Ma'm, we've looked in to ask if you've a smart high-toned Lady Guide to go around with us at a low figure. We're Amurrican citizens, and we mean having a real good time.

Manageress. Let me see—is there any lady on those seats there whose appearance takes your fancy?

A Young American (insidiously). That's a vurry attractive young lady with the blue eyes and a frizzy top-knot.

His Wife. HENRY CLAY BANGS, if you want to see me in a fit on the floor—go on!

The Spokesman. It's this way, Ma'm. We're a mixed party, and our ladies—well, they're not so darned partickler about having a goodlooking Guide. Birth and breeding we do take stock in. So, if you've got a female member of your pampered aristocracy, approaching middle-age, red-headed and squint-eyed, hitched up on these premises, I reckon we'll take her along.

Manageress. I'm afraid we have nothing but a Baronet's widow to-day, who, at all answers that description, and I'm sorry to say she doesn't squint.

The Young American (in an undertone). Say, couldn't we contrive to get along with one of the younger ones at a pinch? If they had a juvenile Duchess around now, it wouldn't signify much if she did happen to be personable, so far as I'm concerned.

The Spokesman. I believe you, BANGS—there's no prejudice about you; but if we're to preserve the harmony of this meeting—we've got to content ourselves with a plain patrician, or no one, that's so! And, as there's nothing of that kind in stock just now, I guess we'll hev to cavort around this effete old city without anyone to give us points. Come, Ladies! [American party file out.]

Enter Provincial Lady, much agitated.

Provincial Lady. Oh, if you please, we've taken a house at Kilburn for the Winter Season, and the pipes have burst, and there's something wrong with the drains, and everything tastes of dry-rot, and the housemaids won't carry up the coals, and we're almost sure the cook sells our kitchen-stuff through the area railings, and we hear such very odd noises every night next door between eleven and twelve, and we have almost settled to give a quiet children's party, and I want someone to tell me the most fashionable shop in Kilburn to get a bonnet, and we fancy the baby has swallowed a button, and I don't know where to find a respectable sweep—could you recommend me a young person who would give me a little temporary household assistance, and what would be her charge for coming?

The Manageress. Certainly, Madam. You will find the charge stated in our Differential Tariff. Miss DE VEE, will you take this lady down-stairs to the Third Class Department, and show her the Confidential Companions?

[Exit Miss DE VEE with Provincial Lady.]

Enter a Young Frenchman.

The Y. F. Pardon, Madame, I arrive at your Association, so desired, so distinguished, to select myself a leddi guide, tout à fait comme il faut!

Manageress. Certainly, Monsieur, I can give you a very superior Lady, whom you will find full of information and statistics of every kind, and who converses fluently in the Ollendorffian method. She possesses, too, a thorough knowledge of cab-fares, inside and outside the radius. May I ask how large your party is?

The Y. F. My party? But I am ze party—I am all alone!

Manageress. Ah, Indeed? Then I fear you must remain so, Monsieur. Our guides are not prepared to attend gentlemen travelling en garçon. I am very sorry, I can assure you.

The Y. F. Ah, Madame, le plus désolé—c'est moi!

[Exit Young Frenchman, with a regretful glance at the bevy of Lady Guides, as Scene closes.]

## Mem. by One who Remembers.

"Suakin is the key to the Upper Nile."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

DEAR me! The old, old talk! It mars my ease,  
It comes upon me with a painful shock;  
Whenever there is all this talk of "keys,"  
Things seem so sure to come to a dead-lock.

MOTTO FOR THE PARKELL COMMISSION.—"*Sedet eternumque sedebit, Infelix Theseus.*" The unhappy Theseus is, of course, the President, "tied to the stake."



House of Commons, Monday Night, December 17.—Nice sort of preparation for Christmas. Thick fog outside; Benches crowded inside; debate on Suakin expected; GLADSTONE again in his place.

"You see I can't leave you, TOBY," he said, with sprightly air, but really apologetically. "Bade farewell to House three weeks ago. Then BALFOUR twitted me, so obliged to run up to Town and boo him. Really thought I was gone after that; but, having spare Saturday, spent it at Limehouse. Day after to-morrow set off for sunny South. No use going down to Hawarden for couple of days; so, being in Town, may as well come down to House; being in House, may as well deliver a speech. No trouble, I assure you."

GLADSTONE come, OLD MORALITY gone. In his place GOSCHEN sits nervously washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water. Every prospect of a stiff debate. Holidays retire further into the dim and distant future. Things made worse by receipt of telegram from OLD MORALITY, dated Monte Carlo. Here it is:—"And how is TOBIAS, M.P.?" (TOBIAS!—that's his joke.) "Hope you are doing as well at Westminster as we are here. A bright sky overhead, peeps of blue Mediterranean between the palms in the garden, drives and walks through sunny atmosphere; delightful music, dinner à la

carte, and the tables. I suppose you are beating this out and out? thoroughly enjoying yourself at Christmas time? Perhaps a little snow, but everything bright, crisp, sparkling, joyous and Christmas-like? No fog or slush or Suakin? I congratulate you. Kind regards to JOKE. Dreamed last night that very first day he took my place in House GLADSTONE came back, and GRANDOLPH went on the rampage. But, of course, that only a dream. JOKE quite happy. All the honours of leadership and none of the labours. Just going in to take walk round the tables and see that CHARLES RUSSELL isn't playing. By the way, you used to chaff me about pouncing. But what I've done in my little way, nothing to daily habit of the *croupiers* here. Pounce every six minutes; closure moved at every table; not, of course, in same words, since they speak French. *Le jeu est fait. On ne va plus,* which, being translated, means 'I move that the question be now put.' Here, as with you, no debate, not even division. Good bye and a MERRY Christmas. So glad you're all enjoying yourselves at Westminster."

Something quite bloodthirsty about this pleasantry. Bad enough for Leader of House to run away to enjoy himself; too bad to jeer at us by telegraph from the sunny clime where he sojourns.



A regular tussle round Snakin. JOHN MORLEY led off attack from Front Bench; GLADSTONE brought up reserves; GRANDOLPH attacked Ministry in rear. Don't know what would have happened to Government if CHAPLIN hadn't thrown himself into breach and solemnly rebuked GRANDOLPH. GRANDOLPH laughed; but it was a hollow performance. *Business done.*—Suakin Vote agreed to.

*Tuesday.*—Met Mr. Dick—I mean Lord DENMAN, slowly making way down to House immersed in deep thought, with coronet under his arm. "How's the Memorial getting on?" I asked.

"Pretty well," he said. "Head of CHARLES THE FIRST not been so troublesome lately. Have, however, laid manuscript aside for short time. Mind much occupied with Local Government Act; have my doubts about RITCHIE; Bill itself calculated to diminish the corn average and reduce the travelling weight of fat cattle. It must be seen to. So have brought in Bill for immediate repeal of Act. Down now to move Second Reading; sorry to embarrass the MARKIES; but public duty is a public trust. Expect the Government will resign if I carry my measure, and probably the Black Man would be sent for to Osborne. A nuisance at Christmas time; but there are higher considerations than plum-pudding. If you would like to see a bombshell drop in Ministerial Camp, better look in when I'm moving the Second Reading of my Bill."

Looked in accordingly. About a score of Peers present; Mr. Dick, seating himself close to woolpack so as to be ready when hour struck, looked round with triumphant glance. MARKIES not present; had probably received hint and stopped away.

GRAND CROSS on Ministerial Bench, suffusing it with air of supreme respectability and profound sagacity. Public Health Acts Bill read Third Time; DUNRAVEN got Payment of Wages Bill read Second Time. A hushed moment of anxiety; then Mr. Dick discovered at table moving Second Reading of Local Government (England and Wales) Act, 1888, Repeal Bill. Mr. Dick, producing some pages of the Memorial, denounced Bill as "one of the most dangerous ever presented to their Lordships." GRAND CROSS nervously wiped his damp spectacles. No one had reckless audacity to deny Mr. Dick's statement. ABERDEEN sat bolt upright; clutched himself by the thighs; looked as if he was going to rise, but limbs refused to move.

"Great Heavens!" I murmured. "Is it possible the Act going to be sacrificed in this way? No one to say a word in favour of it. What Christmas Tidings for RITCHIE!"

LORD CHANCELLOR put the question. House stricken dumb. No one said either "Content" or "Not Content." Taking advantage of general condition of paralysis, LORD CHANCELLOR boldly declared "Not Contents" had it, and Bill thrown out.

"I shall draw up another Memorial," said Mr. Dick, sticking a pin in his cravat. "Shall be addressed to HER MAJESTY; briefly but firmly demand Head of HALSBURY. CHARLES THE FIRST never trifled with the Constitution in so reckless a manner. And where's his Head to-day?"

*Business done.*—In Peers, LORD CHANCELLOR saves Local Government Act; in Commons, Irish Votes in Supply.

*Wednesday.*—Booing all day for BALFOUR; last opportunity; must make the most of it; Windbag SEXTON does; House met at noon; Windbag started immediately after; went on for full hour without stopping; CLANCY took his place whilst he refreshed; came back again, continued his speech; end of second hour. TANNER volunteered to take a turn of duty; Windbag back again after brief interval puffing and blowing with welcome signs of growing feebleness. At last collapsed, and others got chance. BALFOUR all the while languidly prone

on Treasury Bench thinking of pleasant days to come at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Irish Members kept it going till Seven o'Clock, when last vote in Report of Supply agreed to. Appropriation Bill brought in and Session practically over.

"*Au reservoir*," said E. HARRINGTON, who hasn't sat near JOSEPH GILLIS for years without obtaining some smattering of the language spoken at Paris. "Some of us are going to spend the Recess in prison, but we'll come back with the flowers in Spring and boo again for BALFOUR." *Business done.*—Practically, all.

## ROBERT BLAKE.

1598—1657.

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STOUT Sailor, pride of England's patriot sons,  
Who vanquished her most valiant foe, VAN TROMP,  
Cast forth from her great Abbey's glorious pomp,  
Thy fame shines bright as when above the guns  
At Santa Cruz thy keen eyes flamed and saw  
The path to England's Queenship of the Sea.  
What may not later patriots learn from thee,  
In days of slackened will and shaken law?  
Not swelling words but sturdy deeds were thine,  
Not conflicts voluble but valiant strokes.  
Thou, firm of fibre as our native oaks,  
Didst bear our flag unchallenged o'er the brine;  
Made England's name respected, and her power  
Acknowledged over all earth's watery ways.  
Englishmen, emulous of such splendid praise,  
Sailors, who deem sea-sway our native dower,  
Patriots who'd keep our greatness at full flower  
As in those strenuous days,  
Scan that great record; as exemplar take  
Our first of patriot Seamen, ROBERT BLAKE.

## IN THEIR CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

*H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*—Brand new Captain-General's and Colonel's Reversible Uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, and £500 for military purposes sewn up in the tail coat pockets with the H.A. Co.'s compliments, thanks, and kind inquiries.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—The fancy dress costume of a Neapolitan Lazzarone, together with Mr. Cook's coupons for a circular three weeks' tour in Southern Italy.

*Lord Hartington.*—A bundle of "Grand Old Man" crackers, furnished with appropriate mottoes.

*Lord Charles Beresford.*—A cheque on the Treasury for Twenty Millions, payable to "Naval Efficiency" or order.

*Lord Salisbury.*—A thoroughly New Egyptian Puzzle (Key wanting).

*Mr. Naoroji.*—Fancy portrait of Lord SALISBURY as the typical "White Man."

*Lord Grandolph.*—Gladstone bag containing Liberal-parti-coloured costume with false collars. Motto "*Suivez moi!*"

*Sir James Hannen.*—Diary showing Red Letter Day three years' hence as possible date for the termination of a certain protracted Commission.

*The Czar.*—*Bal Masqué* disguise of "Peace at any Price," with Handbook of Sentiments to match.

*M. de Lesseps.*—A draft at sight for £35,000,000, unlimited confidence of patriotic supporters, and no awkward questions asked about probable date of completion of the Canal.

*The Emperor of Germany.*—Shilling Handy Guide for the Conduct of Young Potentates, with special appended Essay on the use of the personal pronoun in public manifestos.

*Mr. Augustus Harris.*—Schedule from the Booking Office, showing the disposal, three months in advance, of all the Stalls and Dress Circle places at Drury Lane to witness his new Pantomime.

*Lord George Hamilton.*—A new pair of spectacles, not tinted *coulour de rose*, with which to survey the present condition of the British Navy.

*General Boulanger.*—A Dictator's trick hat, warranted to assume any new shape, according to circumstances.

*The Honourable Artillery Company.*—A Repaired Royal Charter with H.R.H. the Prince of WALES's best compliments and congratulations.

*Mr. Stanhope.*—Little volume, entitled, *Facts Controverted*; or, a Hundred Ways of Shutting up the Parliamentary Aukward Questioners.

*The Mahdi.*—Hymn of Jubilation over the general discomfiture of the British Cabinet.

AN ORIGINAL CORNER MAN.—*The Complete Angler.*

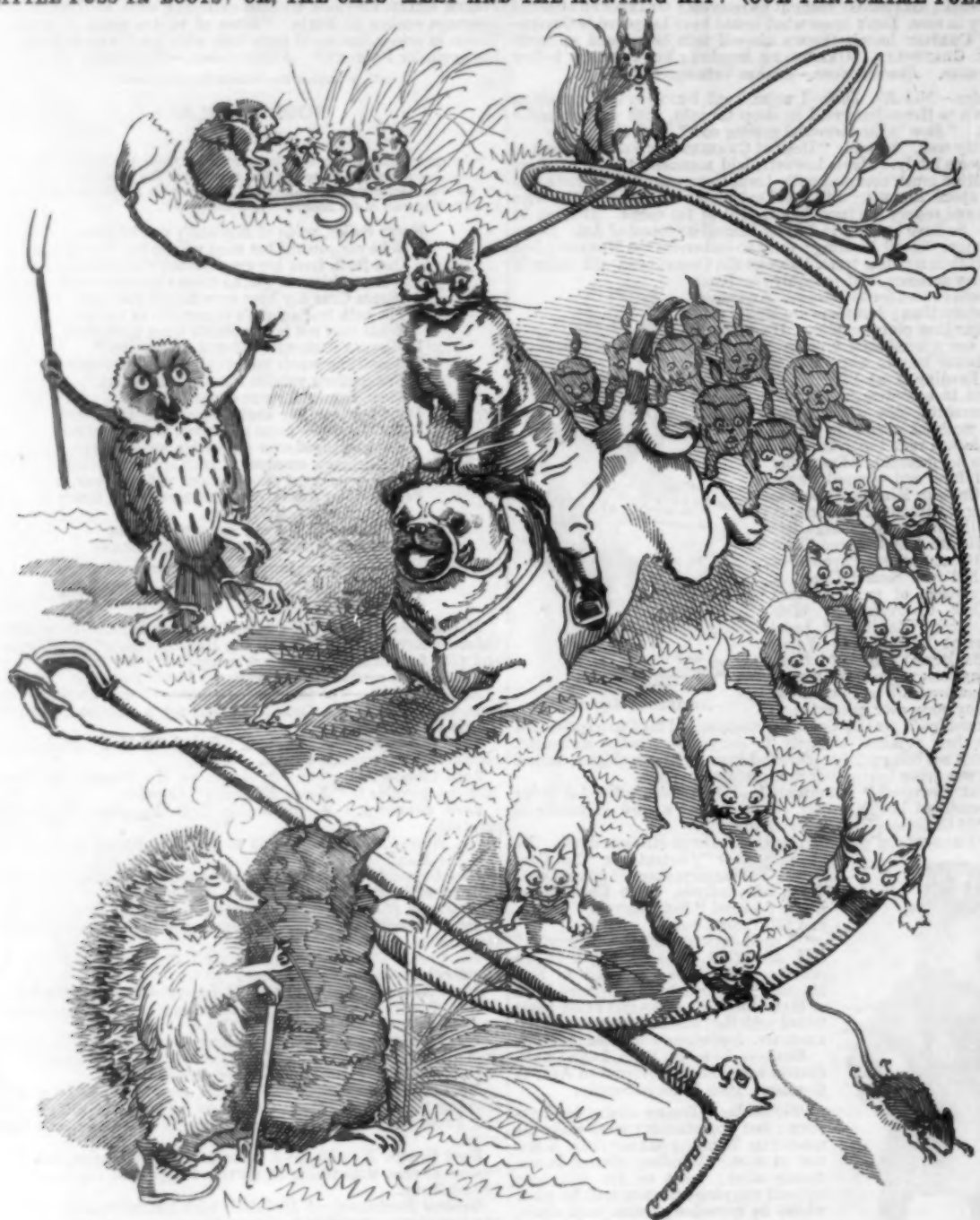


"Au reservoir!"



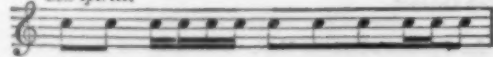
An Anxious Moment.

## LITTLE PUSS IN BOOTS; OR, THE CATS' MEET AND THE HUNTING KIT! (OUR PANTOMIME POEM.)



Lindsey Sambrook.

THE Early Bird had done pecking the worm,  
Who resented the act with a struggle and squirm;  
The Bright Chanticleer had proclaimed the morn,  
And the Huntsman already was sounding the Horn.  
*Con spirito.*



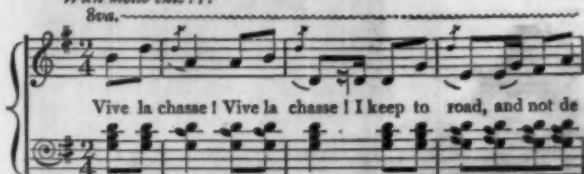
By way of parenthesis let us remark,  
That the Bright Chanticleer was only a lark,  
Who was kept in a very small cage on a shelf,  
And who got up so early—he rose with himself.  
The morning was bright, and the air was sweet,  
Not a cloud in the sky—not a prospect of wet;  
On the sward there assembled, a very smart set,  
For there was to be—a special Cats' Meet.

Now Hunting Kit was the first to appear,  
 (The hounds were first—a detail mere);  
 Also to mention, I must not fail,  
 That the hounds were kittens (a mere detail),  
 And Hunting Kit had the pinkest of suits,  
 Including a marvellous pair of top boots.  
 Now People have often inquired how he kept in 'em—  
 We'll tell you, they fitted so tightly, he slept in 'em—  
 Now every huntaman with any nous  
 Was bent on hunting the wily mouse.  
 The Gay Lady TABITHA (rivals said "Tush!")  
 Was keen on securing the coveted brush.  
 A silly old Poodle turned up at the start,  
 Not mounted—oh no! never fear;  
 He came in a Lowther Arcade dog-cart,  
 To follow full well in the rear.

*Singing:—*

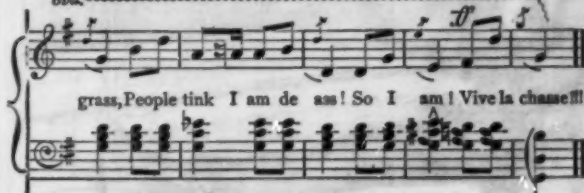
*With molto chic!!!*

*Ses.*



Vive la chasse! Vive la chasse! I keep to road, and not de

*Ses.*

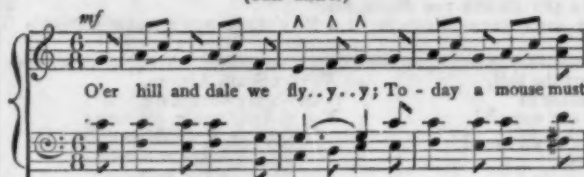


grass, People tink I am de ass! So I am! Vive la chasse!!!

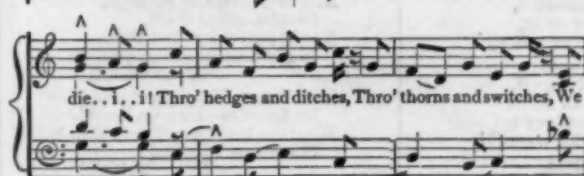
To every mouse-hunter the sweetest of sounds  
 Is the glorious purring and mewling of hounds.  
 Hurrah! We are off, and the air soon is ringing  
 With the sound of the unison song we are singing.

#### OUR HUNTING SONG.

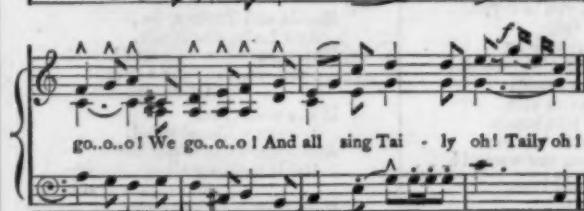
*(Cats' metre.)*



O'er hill and dale we fly..y..y; To-day a mouse must



die..i..!! Thro' hedges and ditches, Thro' thorns and switches, We



go..o..o! We go..o..o! And all sing Tai - ly oh! Taily oh!

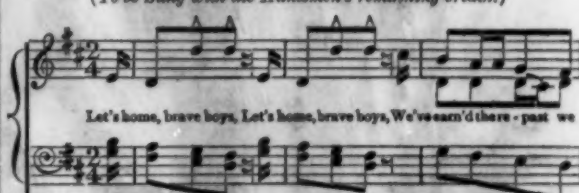
Hurrah, the View-hallom is heard—'tis a find,  
 "Hark forward!"—poor Poodle has "harked far behind."  
 Through everyone's property every one tears,  
 And (excepting the landlords) nobody cares.  
 We come to the farm of a grumpy old owl,  
 Who is armed with a pitchfork as well as a scowl.  
 He's very irate, as over his gate  
 Goes every hound, with leap and with bound,

There goes the mouse—right through his house,  
 And so do we—with heedless glee,  
 A truce to our mirth—we've run him to earth.  
 But tush!—never mind! Here's a much better find,  
 Superior to first;  
 A fine old mouse,  
 Who runs from the house—  
 A glorious burst!

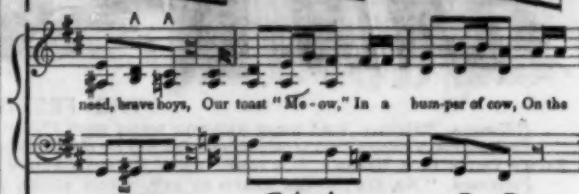
What the Owl cried to Kit we never quite know,  
 We heard what he said to a Groom,—  
 "To whip, To whip; To who, To who!"  
 (He ought to have said "to whom.")  
 And after a chase, though flooded field,  
 Poor mouse did yield;  
 And gay Lady TABITHA, short of breath,  
 Was in at the death.  
 Then came the best of the fun of the fair,  
 For Kit first was seen to stoop,  
 And, holding the mouse high up in the air,  
 He shouted "Who-hoop! Who-hoop!"  
 In spite of the rivals, who would say "Tush!"  
 Lady "Tan" was awarded the coveted brush.  
 Bemuddled and splashed, we trudged along  
 Towards our home, with the usual song.

#### THE HOMEWARD SONG.

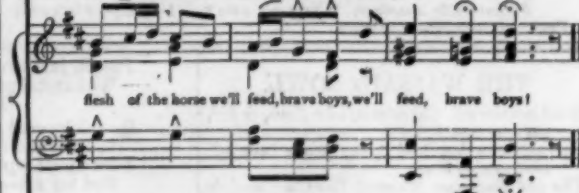
*(To be Sung with the Huntsmen's remaining breath.)*



Let's home, brave boys, Let's home, brave boys, We've earn'd there - past we



need, brave boys, Our toast "Me-ow," in a bum-per of cow, On the



flesh of the horse we'll feed, brave boys, we'll feed, brave boys!

N.B.—"God Save the Queen!" may here be played if the Audience has not already departed, which is more than probable.

#### THE HON'BLE ARTILLEREE.

*(AIR—"The Royal Artillerees.")*

Oh, have ye heard of what's oc-  
 curred  
 In the Hon'ble Artillerees?  
 The town's alarmed for they were  
 disarmed  
 Last Wednesday as it might be,  
 When they said: "we can't five  
 hundred grant  
 For purposes militares."  
 Then H.R.H. said, "I will tache  
 Them what 'tis to of-fend me.

So General, likewise Marshal  
 Of them I will not be;  
 An' if they don't mend, then  
 there's an end  
 Of the Hon'ble Artillerees!"

*Refrain (sotto voce by Privates  
 and Officers.)*

We don't intend this to be the  
 end  
 Of the Hon'ble Artillerees!

CORRECT CARDS.—Messrs. BIRN BROTHERS—good fireside name for Christmas—have left their cards on us, and very pretty is the effect of the crystallised snow over roofs, trees, fields, and hedges. Picturesque, but, in reality, a nuisance, as it must end in a thaw, and then the slosh and slush—ugh! Still, so far, these are the Correct Cards for Christmas.





## THE FESTIVE SEASON.

*Policeman.* "HULLO, SIR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!"

*Enthusiastic Musician (who is mistaking a doorstep for the Key-board of an Organ).* "C-C-CARNTCHER HEAR? I'M P-P-PLAYIN'—(hic)—BACH'S FUGUE IN E MINOR! DON'TCHER KNOW B-BACH'S FUGUE IN E MINOR?"

*Policeman.* "NO, SIR; NEVER HEARD OF HIM. COME ALONG, AND LET ME SEE YOU HOME, SIR."

*Enthusiastic Amateur.* "NO; GO AWAY. I—(hic)—WOULDN'T BE SEEN GOING HOME WITH A MAN THAT DON'T KNOW B-BACH'S FUGUE IN—(hic)—E MINOR!"

## THE WASSAIL BOWL.

*Good gentles all, Christmas, like Love, is o'd,  
yet ever new:  
Full eighteen hundred flying years have left  
that saying true.  
The old Bodleian Wassail Song, a Carol in  
Black Letter,  
Punch here adapts to instant needs. Can  
modern Muse do better?*

A JOLLY wassail bowl,  
A wassail of good ale,  
Will warm each drinker's soul.  
Hail Christmas! and all hail  
His jolly wassail!

Good gentles at our door,  
Our wassail we begin.  
Good health to rich and poor!  
You all are welcome in  
To our wassail!

Our wassail we do fill  
With all that's sound and nice:  
We ask you with good will  
To taste; take good advice,  
And our good wassail!

Without why should ye stand?  
All shivering in the cold?  
It is our host's command  
Ye enter and make bold  
With his wassail!

Much joy to this our hall  
With Christmas enters in,

*Punch*, just to start the ball,  
Will first dip beaker in  
To our wassail!

He drinks good health all round,  
To little and to big,  
Turn up all taps unsound,  
And try a hearty swig,  
Of his wassail!

Drop Party Spirit quite,  
'Tis heavy, heady, stuff,  
All men *Punch* doth invite  
To tippie *quantum suff*:  
Of his wassail!

Come, jovial Mr. BULL,  
Our spiced bowl you'll try,  
Of stingo rare 'tis full;  
No head-ache by-and-by  
From *this* wassail!

Coy Miss HIBERNIA stands  
Pouting red lips—in vain.  
Come, ERIK dear, join hands,  
You can do nought but gain  
From our wassail!

Come, JONATHAN, old hoss,  
And fur-clad CANADA,  
A right joint bumper toss!  
You won't find "bitters" pay  
Like our wassail!

REMARK, my boy, no doubt  
Our tippie is less "stiff"  
Than your champagne and stout.  
But let's drown every tiff  
In our wassail!

No port South African,  
Or Sherry of that ilk,  
You'll find therein, old man;  
'Tis strong, yet mild as milk  
Is our wassail!

And WILLIAM too, we hope,  
Despite satiric shaft,  
You'll join the genial PORK  
In one deep generous draught  
Of our wassail!

BOULANGER—drop queer prank!—  
DE LESSEPS—keep up heart!—  
Whate'er his "flag," each Frank  
Is welcome to a part  
In our wassail!

Russia and Turkey, too,  
And Italy, and Spain,  
Dutchmen—you like stiff brew!—  
Come *all*, and take a drain  
Of our wassail!

It is a noble part  
To bear a liberal mind,  
And *Punch's* spacious heart  
Holds room for all mankind—  
So drink wassail!

Good luck betide you all!  
One bumper more we'll fill;  
*Punch* hopes, and ever shall,  
For Peace and for Good-will.  
That's his wassail!

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE SEASON (by one sur-  
feited with sensational shillingsworths).—"I  
am ill at these (Christmas) numbers!"





### THE WASSAIL BOWL.

"DROP PARTY SPIRIT QUITE,  
'TIS HEAVY, HEADY, STUFF,  
ALL MEN *PUNCH* DOETH INVITE  
TO TIPPLE *QUANTUM SUPP*:  
OF HIS WASSAIL!

"GOOD LUCK BETIDE YOU ALL!  
ONE BUMPER MORE WE'LL FILL;  
*PUNCH* HOPES, AND EVER SHALL,  
FOR PEACE AND FOR GOOD-WILL,  
THAT'S HIS WASSAIL!"



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## THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

November 15.—Woke about twenty times during the night, with terrible thirst. Finished off all the water in the bottle, as well as half that in the jug. Kept dreaming, also, that last night's party was a failure, and that a lot of low people came, without invitation, and kept chaffing, and throwing things at Mr. PERKUPP, till at last I was obliged to hide him in the box-room (which we had just discovered), with a bath-towel over him. It seems absurd now, but it was painfully real in the dream. I had the same dream about a dozen times. CARRIE annoyed me by saying, "You know champagne never agrees with you." I told her I had only a couple of glasses of it, having kept myself entirely to port. I added that good champagne hurt nobody, and LUPIN told me he had only got it from a traveller as a favour, as that particular



Nobody's Child.

brand, "Jackson Frères," has been entirely bought up by a West-End Club. I think I eat too heartily of the "side dishes," as the waiter called them. I said to CARRIE, "I wish I had put those 'side dishes' aside." I repeated this, but CARRIE was busy, packing up the teaspoons we had borrowed of Mrs. CUMMINGS for the party. It was just half-past eleven, and I was starting for the office, when LUPIN appeared, with a yellow complexion, and said, "Hulloh, Guv, what piced head have you this morning?" I told him he might just as well speak to me in Dutch. He added, "When I woke this morning, my head was as big as BALDWIN'S Balloon." On the spur of the moment I said the cleverest thing I think I have ever said; viz., "Perhaps that accounts for the parachooting pains." We all three roared.

November 16.—Still feel tired and headachy! In the evening GOWING called and was full of praise about our party last Wednesday. He said everything was done beautifully, and he enjoyed himself enormously. GOWING can be a very nice fellow when he likes, but you never know how long it will last. For instance, he stopped to supper, and seeing some *blanc-mange* on the table, shouted out while the servant was in the room, "Hulloh! The remains of Wednesday?"

November 17.—Woke up quite fresh after a good night's rest, and feel quite myself again. I am satisfied a life of going out and Society is not a life for me. I told SARAH not to bring up the *blanc-mange* again for breakfast. It seems to have been placed on our table at every meal since Wednesday. CUMMINGS came round in the evening and congratulated us on the success of our party. He said it was the best party he had been to for many a year, but he wished we had let him know it was full dress, as he would have turned up in his swallow-tails. We sat down to a quiet game of dominoes, and were interrupted by the noisy entrance of LUPIN and FRANK MUTLAR. CUMMINGS and I asked them to join us. LUPIN said he did not care for dominoes, and suggested a game of "Spoof." On my asking if it required counters, FRANK and LUPIN in measured time said, "One, two, three; Go! Have you an estate in Greenland?" It was simply Greek to me, but it appears it is one of the customs of the "Holloway Comedians" to do this when a member displays ignorance. In spite of my instructions that *blanc-mange* was brought up again for supper. To make matters worse, there had been an attempt to disguise it, by placing it in a glass dish with jam round it. CARRIE asked LUPIN if he would have some, and he replied, "No second-hand goods for me, thank you." I told CARRIE, when we were alone, if that *blanc-mange* were placed on the table again, I should walk out of the house.

November 18, Sunday.—A delightfully quiet day. In the afternoon LUPIN was off to spend the rest of the day with the MUTLARS. He departed in the best of spirits, and CARRIE said, "Well, one advantage of LUPIN's engagement with DAISY is that the boy seems happy all day long. That quite reconciles me to what I must confess seems an imprudent engagement." About nine o'clock to our surprise LUPIN entered, with a wild, reckless look, and in a hollow voice, which I must say seemed rather theatrical, said, "Have you any brandy?" I said "No, but here is some whiskey." LUPIN drank off nearly a wine-glassful without water, to my horror. We all three sat reading in silence till ten, when CARRIE and I rose to go to bed. CARRIE said to LUPIN, "I hope DAISY is well?" LUPIN, with a forced careless air that he must have picked up from the Holloway Comedians, replied: "Oh, DAISY? You mean Miss MUTLAR. I don't know whether she is well or not, but please never to mention her name again in my presence."

## Sympathy. (Finlay's Version.)

I SITS with a cynical look,  
If the G. O. M. axes me why,  
I (mentally) "cuts him a snook":  
"Lack of Sympathy makes me," sez I.

## ROBERT ON THE EFFECTS OF BANKWETS.

My rewelations on the subjeck of Toastes has brort me lots of corre-spondents. Sum on 'em araks me if I was serous in my statements.

Why in coorse I was, tho' I'm not much surprized at the question. Why I remembers wun case as beat for down-right imperance everythink as I hever herd on. The Chair-man got up dreckly after dinner and acshally perposed all the reglar Toastes all at wunce! in wun full swoop, as BROWN said. It was at a Copperashun Dinner too. Sum of the yung fellers, of about 50 or 60, acshally laried, but the old 'uns shook their heds gravely.



By the by, no wun in the jolly Copperashun is considered as being old much under hayty.

Fraps if I were arsked how it is as they lives so long and so jollily, I ood a tale unfoald, but as I sumtimes has the idear of retiring from my present perfeshun and starting as a consulting Feesishun for advising all peeples as particklar wants to live well and to live long, how to do it, I wood rayther not unfoald that tale jest now.

I may praps add, that my xperience in that partickler line is proberly almost quite uncek, and in werry speshal cases of rich and welthy and libberal old Gents as werry much wishes to live just a few years longer, both in good eith and good spirita, I may be priwetly hinsulted by letter addrest to the hoffice. It may estonish sum peeples to hear that only the summer before larst, when I was offshiating on bord the Grand City Barge, I was told, and I bleeves it, that in one squadrel as was being danced, the ages of the four gennelmen who was a dancing amounted to werry nearly three hundred years! and they all had werry yung and werry pretty partners.

One of the many results of my long xperience in the dining line is the conwischun that the werry finest dygester of a reelly scrumshous Bankwet is Good Natur, or Good Temper, whichever you likes to call it.

I can always tell by the tone and manner in which a Gent addresses me at table, how he's a gitting on in that werry himportant respek. If he speaks sharply or surily to me, I knows at wunce wot's a goin on in his hunfortnite hinside, and I says to myself, ah! if you had the good temper of a held City Deputy, that patty of *For Grar* wouldn't be a trubblin of you as it evidently is, wile if he's a good-tempered feller, he smiles at me when we cums to the werry larst coorse, and says, "I'm not quite sure, ROBERT, as I wants any more, but it reelly looks so nice that I thinks I'll try jest a small peoce." And so he does, and then tomes off another bumper of his speshal favrit drink, and then leens back in his chair smilin and appy and full.

And what grand fellers sum men are after a reel good dinner! Sum hignoramuses sumtimes wunders why, when sum of our werry grandest charitys wants jest a helpin and to help 'em to keep up their noble hinstitooshuns for all kinds of good and nobel hobjeks, they begins by arsking a lot of people to dinner, and says wot a waist! Bless their simple hignorance! Who nos, so well as we Waiters nos, wot the effecs of a good dinner is, how it hopens the art, and unloosens the tung, and unties the puss strings, and lets out the money. Why many and many an old cormudgeon who never praps gave away a suvverain to ewen a poor relashun when in his strickly sober and cawshus moments, after a reelly grand dinner with plenty of fine old Clicko Shampain or the driest Pummery in his estonished hinside, will put down his name for five or ewen ten ginnys wen the fatal paper cums round, and wen he nos that whatever he gives will be enounced in a partickler lowd voice by the Lordly Toastmaster. The horful pangs of regret when, the next morning, he calls to his fatal remembrance the wild haet of ginerosity of which he has bin gilty ewernite, is nuffin to me, and nuffin to the wise men who founded the feast. Having dewoted nearly forty years of my valuable xistence to the study of mankind under these sumtimes rayther trying suckemstances, I arrives at this result,—that the one great hobjek to which all reelly sensibel people shood dewote themselves, supposing as they wishes to stand hi in the opinyuns of others as well as their own, is to dewote their cheef thorta, and their cheef study, to the eecomplishment of such a series of reelly nobel Bankwets, as, both by their present enjoyments and their subsekvent refleckshun, will shed an halo ower their mortal xistence.

ROBERT.

## Suakin.

PLUCKILY done, and promptly! Here's a sample,  
Even in Egypt, of the way to win.  
Take, too long-halting Statesmen, an example  
By that short, sharp half-hour at Suakin!



## A VOCATION.

"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE, TOMMY?  
"I'M GOIN' TO BE BIGGER DAN YOU!"

## THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

SMITHICLES, a wealthy and prosperous Athenian, is ordered to go abroad by his medical adviser. Before doing so he entrusts the guardianship of his House at Westminster to his friend GOSCHENIDES, and at the same time requests him to look after the doings of a spendthrift nephew named CHURCHILLIO. He also bids GOSCHENIDES prosecute a law-suit, which he—SMITHICLES—and his friends have commenced against a foreigner called OSMANIKOS. All these commissions GOSCHENIDES readily undertakes. No sooner, however, is SMITHICLES safely abroad on his travels, than CHURCHILLIO breaks into the House at Westminster, snaps his fingers in the face of GOSCHENIDES and his friend STANHOPE, and declares that the lawsuit against OSMANIKOS ought at once to be abandoned, or a heavier fee paid to the Counsel engaged. MORLES, a man who is not friendly to CHURCHILLIO, but is an enemy of GOSCHENIDES, joins in this demand; and in his confusion, GOSCHENIDES drops his purse containing a Bill on a Bank called "Employer's Liability"—which Bill is consequently lost. GOSCHENIDES and his friends are, of course, very angry with CHURCHILLIO, who, on this occasion is supported by a number of poor relations called PARNELLITI; when HARCOURTIAS, a comic slave, interferes, seeing that CHURCHILLIO and MORLES are going too far, and assures them that a buried treasure (called "Popular Favour") can only be obtained after a verdict against OSMANIKOS has been pronounced. At the same time a STROPHANTA (or Informer) appears on the scene pretending that he has brought a message from SMITHICLES ordering the suit against OSMANIKOS to be discontinued. It so happens, however, that SMITHICLES—who has been enjoying himself in Italy with an acquaintance named GLADSTONIDES—suddenly returns in person to his House at Westminster, sends the STROPHANTA about his business, and gets (by the help of an able advocate named GREENFHELLIOS) a verdict against OSMANIKOS. Thereupon MORLES and CHURCHILLIO apply to COOKION, an Athenian agent for personally conducting travellers to distant lands, and by his aid are enabled to absent themselves for a time from Athens; MORLES hastening to Naples to visit GLADSTONIDES, and CHURCHILLIO seeking rest and recreation amid the inhabitants of Chili and Peru. Thus all ends happily.

## A TENNYSONIAN INSPIRATION.

"We understand that Mr. W. S. GILBERT has expressed his determination—never again to write another *SERIOUS PLAY*,"  
*Evening Paper.*

WHEREUPON one of our Bards, inspired, sang:—

## ASK ME NO MORE!

Ask me no more—to write a *Serious Play*,  
The crowd may stoop to "*Hands Across the Sea*,"  
May troop to *IRVING* or to *BEERHOLM TREE*.  
But from my loftiest Muse they turn away,  
And do but smile, when they are bid to "*Pray*."

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more—The Public's doom is sealed.  
Never again, arrayed in sweetest "*shapes*"  
(Of my design), shall *BEAUTY* stand revealed.  
No more shall legal lore be turned to japes  
And gibes, and "*scriptural terms*" provoke the gapes.

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more, I hate the empty jeer.  
The critic's hollow "*cheek*"—his cruel eye.  
Great Scott! Oh, how I loathe his damning leer.  
And when he chaffs—I'd like his *Ruddigore*,  
I'd love to see him weltering on the floor!

Ask me no more!

Ask me no more. Never again I vow  
Shall the crass critic lift his empty roar  
At *serious work of MINE*. And now.  
I wish I'd vowed this vow *BEFORE*.  
And kept to "*Pirates*"—(Patience, ruddy gore!)  
Ask me no more!!

"THE OLD MASTERS' ALBUM."—(Opinion of it by an *Old Missis*).—Mrs. RAM was much struck by this handsomely got-up photographic album. "Indeed," said the good lady, "I do think it the finest book I've ever seen for keeping photographs. I suppose its publishers belong to some old City Guild; they generally do, my dear," she explained to her Niece, "and the Guild is named after some Saint." "Indeed, Aunt," returned LETHIA, "to what Saint's Guild would this firm belong?" "I don't absolutely know," replied Mrs. R. reflectively, "but, I suppose, to the Guild of St. Albums."

## BUMBLE ON BEER.

WE all know Mr. Bumble's opinion on the results of indulging paupers in meat. "Meat, Ma'am, meat," replied Bumble, with stern emphasis—"you've overfed him, Ma'am. You've raised a artificial soul and spirit in him, Ma'am, unbecoming a person of his condition; as the Board, Mrs. Sowerberry, who are practical philosophers, will tell you. What have paupers to do with soul or spirit? It's quite enough that we let 'em have live bodies."

It might be reasonably inferred from this passage how far this great and good man would have approved of Beer as a pauper beverage. Punch feels tolerably sure that, were Mr. Bumble alive to-day—as of course he is not—he would warmly commend the "practical philosophy" shown by the Dolgelly Board of Guardians, as lately recorded in a morning paper. A Guardian, we are told, "offered to supply the paupers with a gratuitous cask of beer at Christmas. Several Guardians demurred. Poverty was, they said, created by drink, and it would be contrary to their duty to distribute liquors amongst the men and women, many of whom were paupers through drink. Ultimately the Board decided, by a majority, to refuse to accept the beer." What enlightened conscientiousness! What self-denial! What wise consideration for others! Think of the shocking and scandalous scenes that would certainly have been enacted on Christmas Day in Dolgelly workhouse, had "a artificial soul and spirit" been raised in those misguided, naturally high-spirited paupers by the unwise indulgence of a glass of beer a-piece! Thanks to the fostering care of their devoted Guardians, there is now every reason to hope that the festivities will be restrained within becoming limits. If one Guardian was weak enough to offer beer, the rest, it is pleasant at this season of universal charity and goodwill to note, had the strength of mind to reply, "Skittles!"

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE SEASON. (PATERFAMILIAS'S VERSION.)

THERE'S a Yule-tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to—indigestion!

"WHAT'S this I hear," said Mrs. RAM, "about H.R.H. and the Horrible Artillery Company?"

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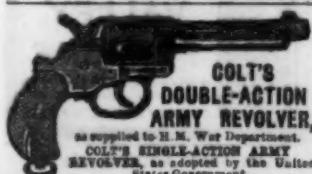
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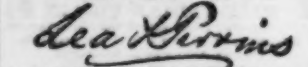


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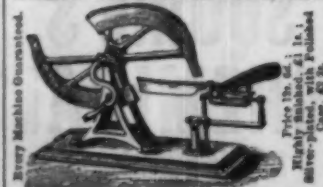
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